Del., Lack. and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Glenridge—6.06, 7.17, 7.54, 8.39, 9.17, 10.37, 11.37, a. m., 12.45, 1.44, 3.33, 4.12, 5.27, 6.21, 6.57, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m.

Leave Bloomfield—6.08, 7.12, 7.56, *8.32, 9.21, 10.35, 11.39, a m, 12.46, 1.45, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29, 6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, p m, 12.39 a m.

Leave Watsessing—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 9.23, 10.41, 11.41 a m. 12.49, 1.48, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18 7.02, 8.22, 9. 48, 11. 12 p.m., 12.41 a.m.

*Does not stop at Newark.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Barclay Street—6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.00, 10.30 11.20 a m, 12.40, *1.30, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.30, 6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.00 p m.

Leave Newark for Bloomfield—6.46, 7.15, 7.53, 8.43, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a m, 1.13, *3.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26, 6.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.03, 10.38 p m, 12.08 a m.

*Saturdays only.

NOTE—Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

N. Y. & Greenwood Lake R. R.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Bloomfield—5.34, 6.48, 7.06, 7.56, 8.33, 8.56, 10.28, a. m., 1.41, 3.26, 4.47, 6.56, 9.26, 12.25 p m

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Chambers Street—6.00, 8.30, 9.00, a.m., 12. m., 1.45, 3.40, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.20, 8.00, 10.00 p.m., 12 midnight.

Sunday Trains from New York, 8.47 A M and 4.07 P M. Sunday Trains from New York, via Orange Branch, 8.37, 11.07 A M, 6.07, 8.37 P M.

Sunday Train to New York leave Bloomfield at 7.50 a. m and at 7 22 P M.

To New York via Orange Branch on Sundays, Leave Bloomfield Avenue at 7.49, 10.53, A M; 5.24, 7.51 P M.

A VISION.

Perchance my thought was wide awake,
Or I was dreaming, may be,
As I sat rocking to and fro,
My arms around my baby.
I felt along my cheek and throat
Her rosy fingers playing,
And stooped to kiss her sunny curls,
About her forehead straying.

The foolish rhymes of Mother Goose
In time and tune came springing
To lips not made for song; and yet
My children like my singing.
And as I sang a mystic spell
Changed all the world completely,
Another woman singing sat,
And rocked her baby sweetly.

The woman's face, a look it wore
Like mine; and yet the rather
'Twas like my baby's, larger grown,
'Twas like my baby's father.
And as she sat swaying softly sang,
I saw some tear drops falling;
I knew her thought, I knew her heart
Her heart to mother calling.

A sudden passion filled my soul,
I longed to soothe the weeping;
My baby stirred upon my breast,
My baby gently sleeping!
The vision fled, yet well I know,
Though I was dreaming, may be,
Far down the future sits my child
And rocks my baby's baby.
—Mrs. George Archibald in Babyhood.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

I wonder if any of those down east bear hunting chaps that write letters from the backwoods of Maine and Pennsylvania ever tumbled to the fact that brain is one of the most musical varmints in all creation. I remember hearing Parson Pete, who used to be a down east sky pilot years ago, tell about a bear he once saw in the streets of New York a dancing to the music of a hurdy gurdy, and another one, a small black bear, he said, he saw in a theatre beating a gong. Old Pete's pretty white, and so I reckon he must have seen all this; but I'm a talking of real varmint, not bears that have been born and brought up in a circus.

I don't know whether I mentioned it in any of my other letters, but Sagebrush Bill is one of the slickest musicians in Montana. He can get more music out of a little one horse mouth organ that he bought a year ago up in Bozeman than most people could out of a grand piano. Every evening after supper Sagebrush used to amuse himself by playing on this mouth organ, sometimes keeping it up till near midnight. We used to get kinder weary of it at times, but now and then we allowed him to keep it up as long as he wanted, only requiring him to take his camp stool some distance away from the tent and play more gently after we turned in.

By and by we came to notice that whenever Sagebrush kept his music going pretty late the mules that were picketed close by always betrayed signs of uneasiness shortly after he had quit playing and gone to bed. Sometimes they went so far as to snort and try to break loose, and once or twice, when we turned out to see what was up, we caught sight of some object moving about in the shadow of the pines that fringed the little mountain park in which we had pitched our camp.

This object we naturally supposed to be a bear. After the night we got treed by the seven grizzlies, however, we were pretty careful about chasing bears through the timber by moonlight. At first we never thought of associating the appearance of this bear with Sagebrush's music, any more than thinking perhaps it might have been attracted by the noise. But one evening the Englishman, who hailed from Injia, was talking about the way the Hindoos cause the serpints to come a-winding and hissing out of their holes, swaying their heads for joy at hearing the music of a flute. In talking this over, it then dawned upon us that Sagebrush's music might have had something to do with attracting the bear to the edge of the park.

We poked a good deal of fun at Sagebrush about his power of fascinating bears with the mouth organ, and none of us, at the time, regarded the matter as anything more than a good joke. It happened, however, a day or two later, that we struck a first rate opportunity to put it to the test, and so found out that music hath charms even to a bear; charms that, if properly used, may easily lure him to destruction.

One night the mules broke loose and cleared out. In the morning Sagebrush and I followed their trail down through the timber and on out into the prairie. While crossing a sort of a level inlet of prairie between two spurs we saw a family of five cinnamon bears playing together right out on the open. There was no cover but a few knee high clumps of grease wood and one sinuous little dry watercourse, a mere washout, barely sufficient to hide a person crawling on all fours.

We were half a mile or more from the bears when we first saw them. They were having a quiet game of tag, now you've got me and now you ain't, all to themselves, and had no idea of anybody being within 100 miles. Dropping down into the washout, we held a brief consultation as to what we had better do. Plainly there was only the one thing which was to crawl along the watercourse until it should bring us near enough to use our Winchesters with good effect.

"Looks like a pity to spoil their play, though, don't it?" suggested Sagebrush.

"So it does," I agreed; "but it would be a still greater pity to let them get away," and so we started on up the washout. The bears were so absorbed in their play that we had no difficulty in creeping up unperceived to within 200 yards. At this point was a slight pocket, or depression in the ditch, with a couple of bowlders in the bottom. It seemed almost as if the hollow had been scooped out and the two bowlders placed therein for our special benefit. By sitting on the bowlders we could just peep over a little fringe of greasewood that ran around the edge and watch the bears at play.

Bears are as playful as so many kittens among themselves, and it is one of the prettiest sights imaginable to see four or five of them playing tag. In this party there were five bears, three old timers and two cubs. The way they dodged around one another, rolled over, stood up, sashayed, twirled around, whimmied, laughed and caved around generally was a heap the prettiest thing I had seen for some time in broad daylight. We sat there and enjoyed the circus a while, when an idea struck me all of a sudden.

Have you got your mouth organ in your pocket, Sagebrush?" I said, remembering the talk an evening or two before, and also that he usually carried the instrument in his pocket.

"That's so, Hank," says he, "by thunder!" and, producing the mouth organ, he commenced to play "Buffaloes a-Coming in the Spring" for all she was worth.

You just ought to have seen those bears! When the first strains of the mouth organ reached them it was the comicalest sight you could imagine. Their mouths flew open as wide as steel traps, and their little ears commenced a twitching like a mule's ears in fly time. They didn't seem the least bit scared or suspicious, but simply puzzled to account for the music. They all stood bolt upright, and looked this way and that, and began to sniff the air; but, seeing nothing, they abandoned themselves to their sense of melody without reserve. They began twirling around, swaying their heads and waving their paws with a rhythmical motion, much as the Englishman from India said the government elephants sway their trunks whenever they hear the band.

While going through these motions they were slowly working their way along in our direction, as though irresistibly drawn toward us by the music, which, of course, they were, as by this time was very evident. Sagebrush quit playing for a few moments just to see what they would do. The bears looked at one another, much as human beings do when badly dumb flustered about anything, and went to roaming about with heads up, sniffing the air and whining.

When he struck up again livelier than ever, the bears seemed beside themselves with joy. They came lumbering and cavorting toward us, twitching their ears and opening their mouths. Every now and then they stopped to raise up on their hind legs, twirl around, and gambol in a manner that showed them to be in an ecstasy of delight. It seemed a pity, as Sagebrush had suggested, but we had to let drive at them as they came on. We bagged two of the old timers and a cub; the other two got away.

The result of this curious experience was that when we came to talk it over in camp that evening we decided to try and round up the bear that was in the habit of piping us off at night and scaring the mules. Having formed our plans, we fixed Sagebrush up in the skin of a shaggy brown bear on the following night, and, waiting till along toward 11 o'clock, hoisted him up into a tree near where we had before seen the moving object which we guessed was a bear. About twenty paces from Sagebrush's tree was a little clump of pitch pines, where the trees stood so thick that, with the addition of a few stout poles, made a shelter into which a bear would have right smart trouble to fight his way. Branches were worked in to form a secure ambuscade, and inside this the three Englishmen and I concealed ourselves.

The waning moon was near the last quarter, and had only just risen over the mountains, but in the transparent atmosphere of the Big Horn mountains the light was almost equal to that of a full moon in the states. Winchesters looked to and everything all ready, the signal was given, and Sagebrush commenced to play. We had taken our camp stools in with us, and so sat there as comfortable as if we had been in the tent a-listening to the music. As a matter of fact, we were but carrying out the usual evening programme, except as regards position and less talk.

To draw a simile that down easters will understand, may be you might imagine Sagebrush to be that young fellow Hofmann, who has been playing a piano at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, and us four in ambush the audience. Young Hofmann, according to the papers, is a good deal of a corker, but in his particular line you can bet your bottom dollar that Sagebrush can play all around anybody that ever wore hair. For a while the woods seemed full of music—opulent with melody. The first tune he turned loose was, "I'm a Sojer." As the wild, sweet strains of "I'm a Sojer" soared through the silent moonlit mountain air, the listening pines appeared to catch up the notes and pass them on and on until you could hear, or seem to hear, them floating away in lingering mellifluousness for miles. Right there amid the pines the Englishmen allowed that the music was affected much the same as when it is played on the water. Howsomever that may be, the mouth organ sounded a heap more melodious than when played in the tent, and all agreed that when Sagebrush liked to tune himself up properly he was mighty hard to beat.

"I'm a Sojer" had been played twice, "The Arkansaw Traveler" once, and the joyous strains of "Mormon Angels" were making the pine needles quiver in sympathy, when we saw something move across a little open space about 100 yards away. Sagebrush very evidently saw it, too, for "Mormon Angels" was never played before nor since. I reckon, as pertly as he reeled it off up among the branches of that pine tree for the next few minutes.

Pretty soon we saw the object move again, this time a little nearer. Before many minutes it showed up still closer, so that we were able to make it out as a big brown bear, and that "Mormon Angels" was gradually charming it along toward our position. On it came, nearer and nearer, right up toward Sagebrush's tree, now and then halting to twirl around, cut up playful didos, just as the cinnamons did on the prairie, to rub his head against a tree, and give vent to its feelings. Sagebrush played on, only a little more soft and ravishing like, and the first thing we knew the bear was standing bolt upright underneath his tree, looking up, a twitching its ears and a drinking in the music.

All at once the bear seemed to give way to an impulse of reckless abandon, as though utterly unable to restrain its wild, exuberant passion for melody any longer. The way it capered about under that tree, turned lumbering somersaults, hugged imaginary objects in its arms, worked its paws up and down, rolled its head about and weaved its big hairy body was enough to tickle the risibilities of an Injun.

For a moment Sagebrush stopped playing. As soon as the music ceased the bear stopped waltzing around, looked up appealingly like and commenced to whine for more. Then it was that the strange scene seemed to strike the Britishers as something so utterly ludicrous that they well nigh upset their camp stools with inward merriment. As Sagebrush didn't start playing again quick enough to suit the old bear he slurped himself for climbing the tree—"scaling the balcony" one of the Britishers allowed in a whisper to the others.

The three English sportsmen seemed mightily tickled at this last movement of the big brown bear, a heap more so, I reckon, than Sagebrush did, for brown bears make no trouble about climbing a tree. The music commenced again in pretty short order, and "I'm a Sojer" was rattled off with such astonishing vim and execution that the Britishers nudged one another in the ribs, and nearly shook off their moccasins with suppressed mirth. They allowed afterward, in explaining the reason of their merriment, that it was like Romeo and Juliet, people, I think they said, who used to hang out somewhere in the old country years ago, and serenade each other by moonlight, climb balconies, and generally rave around.

Funny as the old bear's antics seemed, we were, of course, ready with our Winchesters to keep him from climbing the tree; but it is easy enough to imagine that Sagebrush was a trifle curious in his own mind as to how we were, just at that moment, viewing the situation. However, as soon as he commenced playing again the bear quit whining, let go the tree, and again turned loose, with every demonstration of approval that a bear ever made.

After watching the bear dance until Sagebrush began to get pretty tired of playing, we took deliberate aim through our brush barrier and let the moonlight into his astonished carcass in four different places. This was a middling warm dose to give him at twenty paces, but after thrashing around some he rallied, and came charging at our stockade like an infuriated demon. Another volley, with the muzzles of our Winchesters almost buried in his shaggy wool, however, finished him up. Sagebrush slid down the tree and threw off his bearskin, and on the way to the tent he owned up with a laugh that when he saw the bear start to climb the tree he came near yelling out to know whether we were asleep, or what.

It was a curious bit of adventure, this serenading the big brown bear by moonlight, but it settled the question, once for all with us, as to bears being charmed with music. As the Britisher from India said, if snakes and elephants and all manner of foreign varmint can be charmed with music, why not Rocky mountain bears, too? And now I have given them the tip, may be some of your down east scientific galoots may come to understand why circus people always train bears to dance to music instead of lions or painters. The way I figure it out is that it comes so natural for a bear to take to music and dancing that he virtually requires no training at all.—New York Sun.

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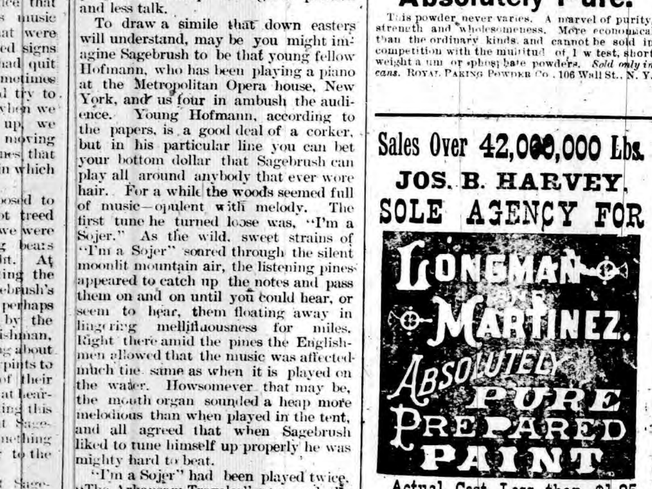

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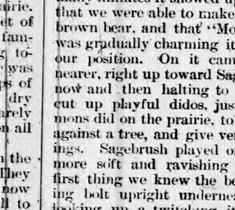

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United States Bonds, market value.	19.300.00
Cash on hand and in Bank	9,877.49
	$119 936.87

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A Whistling Language.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Anthropological society, Lieut. Credefeldt lectured on the whistle language used on the Gomera Island. During some months' stay in the Canary archipelago the lecturer was able to learn the nature of this language, which is a sort of pendant to the drum languages of Camaroon. There are no fixed whistles or signals. The Gomero can carry on any conversation by means of whistling, and be understood by the person with whom he is conversing a mile off. The whistling is quite articulate, and is a kind of translation of common speech into whistling, each syllable having its peculiar tone, so that even foreign words can be whistled. The vowels e, i, y are more loudly whistled than a, o, and u; and if a consonant is at the end of a word, for example, "Juan," the a is whistled in a rising tone. The Gomero either uses his fingers or his lips when whistling.

The practice is only common on the Gomera Island, and is not found in the other six islands of the archipelago. The reason may be the peculiar geological construction of the island, which is traversed by many deep ravines and gullies, which run out in all directions from the central plateau. They are not bridged, and can often only be crossed with great difficulty; so that people who really live very near to each other in a straight line, have to make a circuit of hours when they wish to meet. Whistling has therefore become an excellent means of communication, and gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech.—London Daily News.

Corea's Barbarous Punishments.

The Coreans, who have recently sent a minister to Washington, are barbarous in their punishments. No court and prison is complete without an assortment of iron chains, bamboo rods for beating the backs of offenders, paddles and switches for whipping the calves till the flesh is in tatters, ropes for sawing the flesh, stocks, boards to beat the knees and shin bones. Other punishments are suspension by the arms, the bastinado and whip. One humiliating, but not painful, mode of punishment is to tie a drum to the back of the offender, and proclaim the crime while the drum is beaten as he walks through the streets. The man who strikes his father is beheaded; the parricide is burned to death. Formerly, in extreme cases, vinegar was poured down the criminal's throat in large quantities, and he was then beaten till he burst.—Chicago News.

A Chinese Youngster's Childhood.

As a baby he is called a little "wa-wa," a very suggestive name, and his first Chinese words are "pa" and "pa," just as though he spoke English. The first great event of his life, and his first trial, is when the barber is called in to shave his head. He generally proves on that occasion to be a true "wa-wa," with vigorous lungs.

After this first shaving, his head for several years seems to send forth what may be called "queue sprouts" in every direction, and from every part of his skull where the hair ought to grow. Sometimes as many as five or six, each braided and tied with a red cord, are found upon the boy. The great day of his youthful life, the day of "trousers, with pockets in 'em," is when all these smaller queues are shaved off, and the single queue—the queue of manhood—is started.—Chester Holcombe in Youth's Companion.

How the Stage Pays.

Even in the lowest ranks of stage work the pay is sufficient to live on comfortably and allow a margin for dress and saving. A chorus singer will earn $15 a week, where a governess will earn barely $4 and a shop girl $6 or $8. On the stage a girl or young woman has the hope of getting or making a fortune; and, above all, she finds herself among people who are willing to receive her with open arms if she is pleasant. Here are no restrictions of purse or cast. All are brothers and sisters, and it lies with her and her alone whether her new family shall respect and look up to her or pass her down sadly to those poor silly ones who have missed the nobility of their aim and sacrificed all for a short life of foolish merriment. No wonder that poor girls of the better classes go on the stage when they see how much is to be done there, and then regard dispassionately the few other modes of earning a livelihood.—Actress in

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"An Honorable and Generous Action."

A DYING MAN'S POLICY PROMPTLY STORED BY THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. COMPANY.

The records of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. dated October 28th, 1887, contain the following:

On motion of Mr. Stevenson, the officers were authorized to accept the premium on Policy No. 100,547, dated Sept. 14, 1887, on the life of Charles R. Pelgrave, and to issue the policy to force without the production of the usual medical examination.

The peculiarities of this case were:

1.—The policy-holder had failed to pay the premium when due, and the policy was void.

2.—The policy holder was in good bed, and of course would be rejected were required to undergo a medical examination.

The following letter explaining the case was received by the Mutual Life Insurance Company:

LAW OFFICES
OF
STEVENSON & BYLE,
EUGENE STEVENSON. ESTHER M. BYLE.
Paterson, N. J., Oct. 29th, 1887.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, ESQ.,

Vice-President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York:

DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of yesterday informing me of the decision in regard to the policy upon the life of Mr. Charles R. Pelgrave, and enclosing the receipt for the premium due Sept. 14th, 1887. We are indeed deeply gratified at the result, and on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Pelgrave, I desire to thank your company most sincerely for its honorable and generous action.

At a later day I shall see that proper public mention is made of this incident in such manner as to interest all who are interested in Life Insurance.

Very truly yours,
EUGENE STEVENSON.

The counsel of Mr. Pelgrave were informed of the company's action October 28th, and the next day the following letter was received in reply:

LAW OFFICES
OF
STEVENSON & BYLE,
EUGENE STEVENSON. ESTHER M. BYLE.
Paterson, N. J., Oct. 29th, 1887.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, ESQ.,

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Very truly yours,
EUGENE STEVENSON.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company owes much of its popularity and wonderful success to the spirit of equity with which it has dealt with policy-holders when issues like this have arisen. Whatever is honorable, whatever is just, that the policy-holder is certain to secure. No legal quibble is raised to prevent the completion of the contract. The company while retaining its legal rights, will not take advantage of the lapses of the insured, but regards the interest of the policy-holder. Mr. Pelgrave intended to provide for his family and while his mind was clear and body strong he faithfully kept his part of the contract; now the Mutual Life will not permit his own remissness to deprive his family of the protection he sought.

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